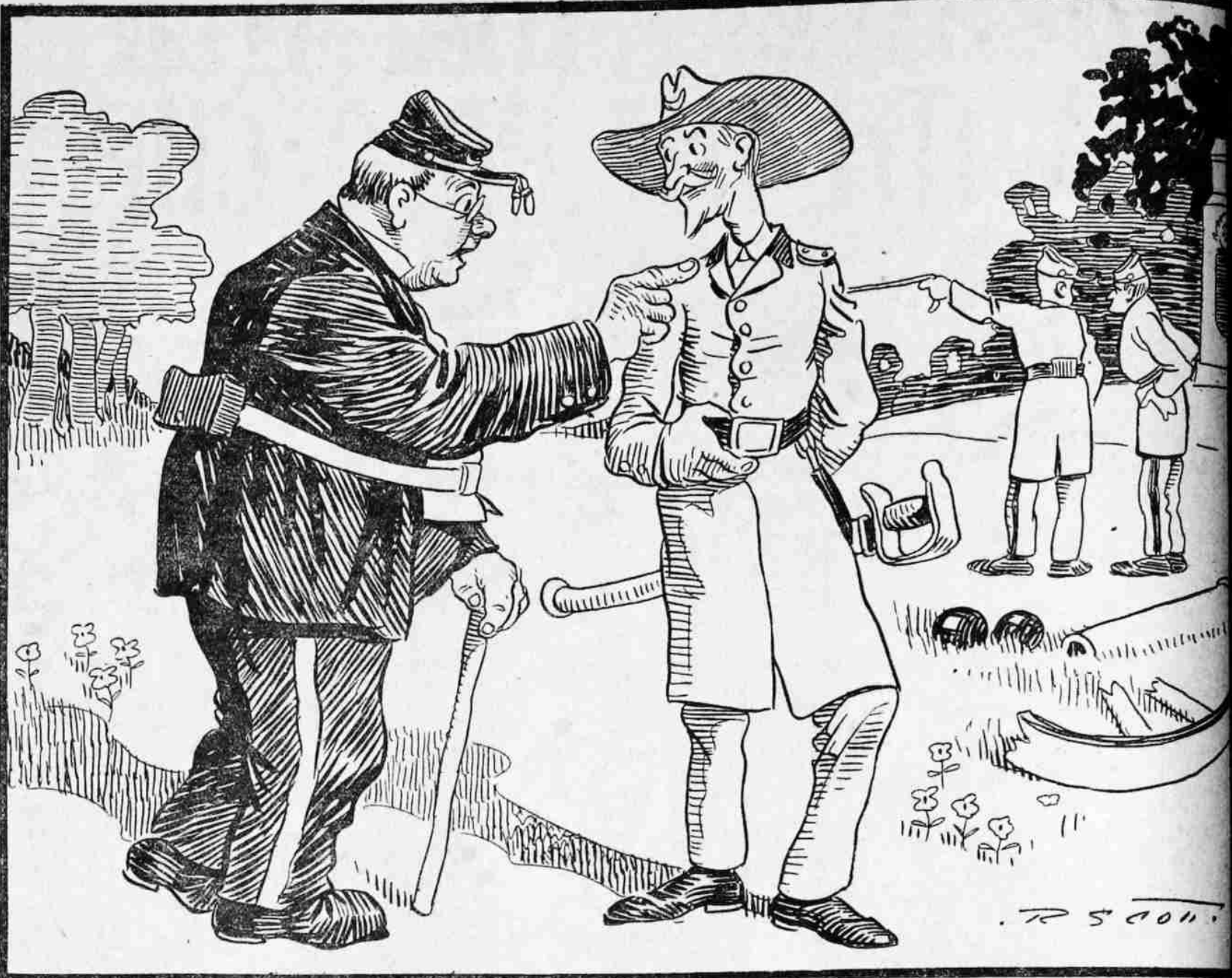
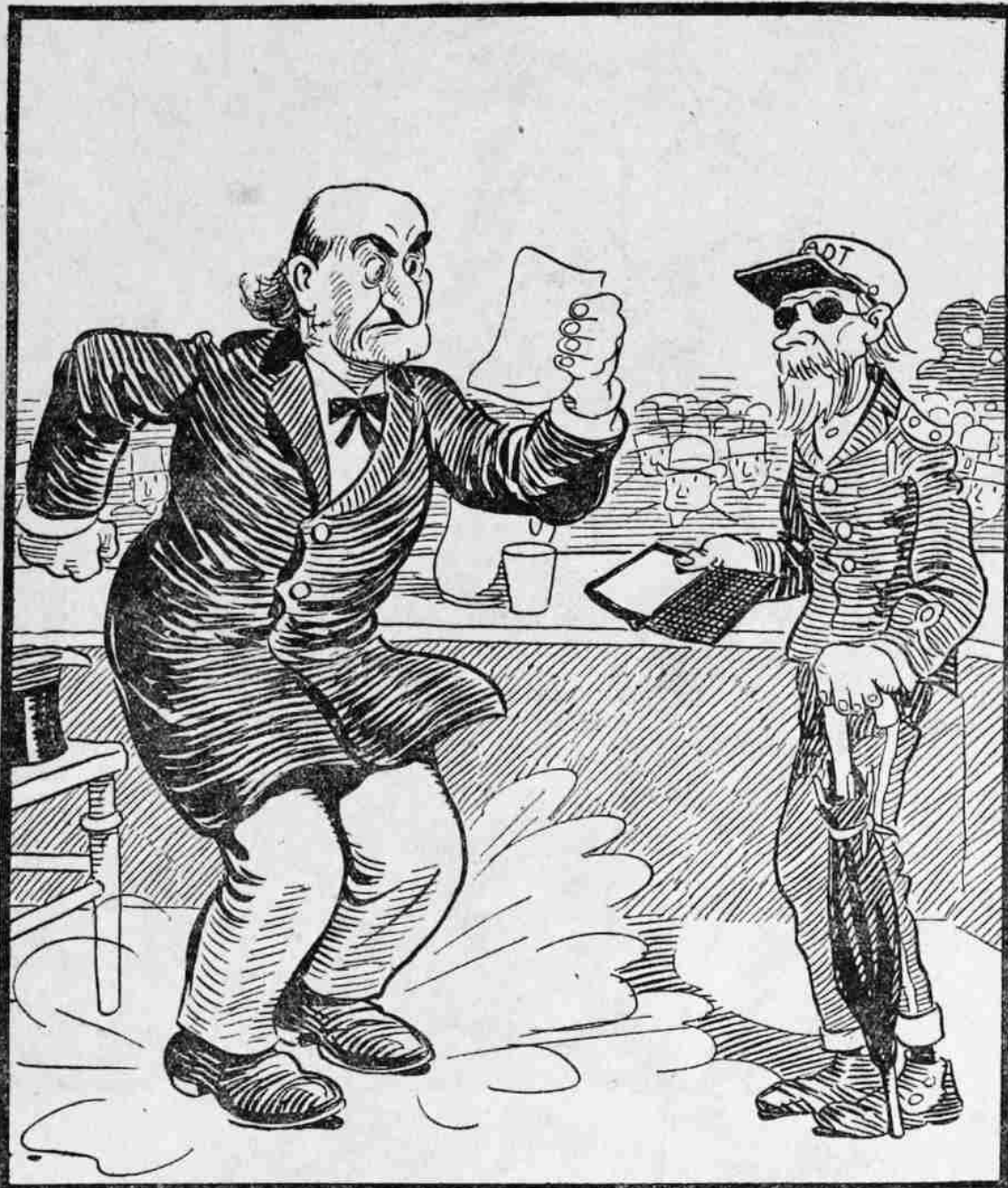


MR. DOOLEY

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ON PEACE

By FINLEY PETER DUNNE



"I'll ask Joe Daniels to bounce a couple iv cannon balls off his head"

"WELL, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "whin I watched me frind Willum Jennings Bryan marchin' off to defend his country in th' year iv ninety-eight 'tis little I thought I'd live to see him such a champeen iv peace as he is today. O, but he was th' martial hayro in thim days. He didn't wait fr his country to call him. If he had he'd be waitin' to this minyit, fr at that time Columba was in th' hands iv freedom's inimies an' she refused to shriek fr help fr'm anny but sthrait Republicans. No, sir; he didn't wait to be called, but he assembled a rig'mint iv his own, th' Forty-fifth Nebraska Foot, ilicted himself colonel, got a soard fr'm Moses Oppenheim, th' well known military outfitter iv Lincoln, climbed aboard ol' Dobbin, an' with a wild cheer led his men be a series iv foored marches over th' Chat-talky cirket to Saint Joe, Missouri, where he threw up in-threnchmints an' waited fr th' inimy to assail him. They didn't dare to. At th' close iv th' dhradful struggle he hon'rably discharged himself an' returned to lecturin', runnin' fr prisident, an' th' other peaceful pursuits iv private life. That's a long time ago, but iver since when th' vethrans iv Chickamah an' Tampy gather around th' pool table to discuss th' rations an' other horrors iv th' conflict no name is more often on their lips thin th' name iv th' prisint an' sometimes abinst secrecy iv state.

"Now, I say that whin a man like this, a man who has seen war, a man who has smelled powder without sneezin', a man who not want but many times has slept out iv dures in a tent, a man who has known th' misery iv ridin' on a horse, comes out as an advyate iv peace ye might as well send th' dogs iv war to th' pound. They'll never bite again. It didn't make much difference so long as 'twas on'y Andrew Carnaygie, fr ivry wan knows he's a man iv peace that niver harmed a hair iv annybody or anything but th' English language. But whin a rale martial hayro tur-rns again th' sport it's all day with it.

"Says Colonel Willum Jennings Bryan iv th' Forty-fifth Nebraska Foot, 'We'll have no more war,' he says. 'Peace,' he says, 'will brood over th' wurruld like a hen,' he says. 'We'll build no more battleships,' he says, 'but instead we will send out a fleet that will devastate th' wurruld with American love. We'll call wan ship 'Harmony,' an' another 'Brotherly Love,' an' another 'Sweet Thoughts,' an' another 'Happy Dhreams.' Do I hear any suggestions fr'm th' aujence fr names? Th' little girl in blue in th' third row has an idee. What is it, little lady? Speak up, please! That's right. A very good name. Th' little lady suggests 'Love Me Little, Love Me Long'—a very sweet an' appropriate name fr a staunch ship iv our navv. Th' little boy in th' back iv th' hall raises his hand. Well, me little man, what name do ye propose? I mane you, th' little Christyan with th' red hair an' the freckles. What's that? 'Ate 'Em Alive'? O, no. No, no. I'm afraid it wudden't do. A pretty name, but not sooted to a flotilly that is to carry a message iv brotherhood to th' wurruld.

"Excuse me fr a minyit, frinds; here's a messenger fr'm th' state departmint. What?

Th' prisident iv Mexico demands to be recognized? All right. I recognize him. I'd recognize him annywhere in th' dark as a half breed Indyan desperado. Tell him so fr me, an' tell him further that if he wants anny more reconition fr'm me I'll ask me frind Joe Daniels to bounce a couple iv cannon balls off his head to show how well I know him. If that fellow realizes whin he's lucky he'll thry his best not to be reconized be anny wan that might turn him over to th' polis. But, kind frinds, as I was sayin' whin intherrupted be officyal business, we clasp th' whole wurruld to our bosom; we have no inimies; so why shud we go armed? We will convert our soards into prunes—that is, into prunin' hooks to chop th' ripe grape with its life givin' juice fr'm th' arbor iv peace. An' fr'm th' guns iv our battleships will fly not shrapnel or chain shot, as at prisint, but roses an' vilets an' anymonies an' tender wurruds. I thank ye, I thank ye, I thank ye.

"So I s'pose, Hinnessy, th' end has about come fr that rude pastime that has amused th' young people iv th' wurruld iver since there was a wurruld where men bumped into each other. Th' on'y thing I'd like to know is what's goin' to take its place. It's an ancnyent institoon, wan iv th' very oldest, this here business iv men fightin' each other. They seem to take more nachrally to it thin to embracin'. Th' first thing two little kids does afther they've made frinds is to slam each other. Whin a man is old an' all

his frinds ar-re gone he still has plenty iv inimies left, ye can bet on that. Yes, sir; it's been goin' on fr a long time, like most iv th' bad things iv th' wurruld. An' if it goes what ar-re we goin' to cillybrate if we don't cillybrate war?

"Th' other day a lot iv ol' lads that had fought at th' battle iv Gettysburg went back to look over th' field an' pint out to each other th' place where they'd shud durin' Pickett's charge. They'd meet together an' wan ol' fellow wud go up to a perfect stranger an' say: 'Ain't ye th' Jawunny Reb that I had th' saber dool with on th' hill?' An' says th' other: 'Well, I vow if ye ain't th' Yank that I carrid on me back to th' ol' barn afther I'd martally wounded ye.' 'Sure I am; an' d'ye remember how whin ye lay dyin' I crawled on me hands an' knees to th' well an' fetched ye wather in a goord?' An' so they go on gossipin', an' it don't make anny difference if this is th' first time in their lives they've iver clapped eyes on each other, th' feelin' is just th' same. An' they hobble away an' have a toddy or maybe a sunstroke together, an' ye'd think fr'm th' way th' southren ol' fellow talks that if Longstreet had listened to him Jeff Davis wud've had his feet on th' desk at th' White House th' day afther th' battle, an' fr'm th' way th' northern ol' fellow talks that if Meade had let him he wud've pursued th' flyin' rebels single handed an' ended th' war there an' thin. Th' thruth is, iv coorse, fifty years ago they were nawthin' but two little boys poppin' away with

guns as fast as they cud on th' Foorth iv July, with no polisman to stop them. I know, because me cousin Mike was at th' battle iv Gettysburg. To hear him tell it he was th' on'y wan on th' union side, th' rest iv th' army havin' run away an' left him alone. An' he wud've been defeated at that if he hadn't stopped firin', fr he was a poor shot. But he bethought himself iv usin' th' butt end iv th' musket, which was more nachral, an' th' carnage was dhradful.

"He always told me he niver spint a more injeable day in his life, an' I invied him, fr I served me country in thim throublous times be dhrivin' a thruck, an occupation akely dangerous but with little glory to it. I read about these Gettysburg vethrans with a tear runnin' down me nose, but d'ye suppose I cud get up anny enthusiasm at a reunion iv th' Thruck Dhrivers iv Sixty-three if some other ol' vethran come up to me an' said, 'Ar-ren't ye th' hayro that lost th' bill iv ladin' on Canal shreet?' or 'D'ye remember whin ye dhrapped th' crate iv wathermilons at Pier Six?' No, sir. An', be Hivens, I can't think iv a crowd iv th' survivors iv th' campaign iv ninety-six gettin' together an' wan iv thim sayin', 'There's where I lost me vote,' an' another, 'There's where I lost me hearin'.' I cudden't cheer. I went through that awful struggle an' suffered much, but I refuse to cillybrate it.

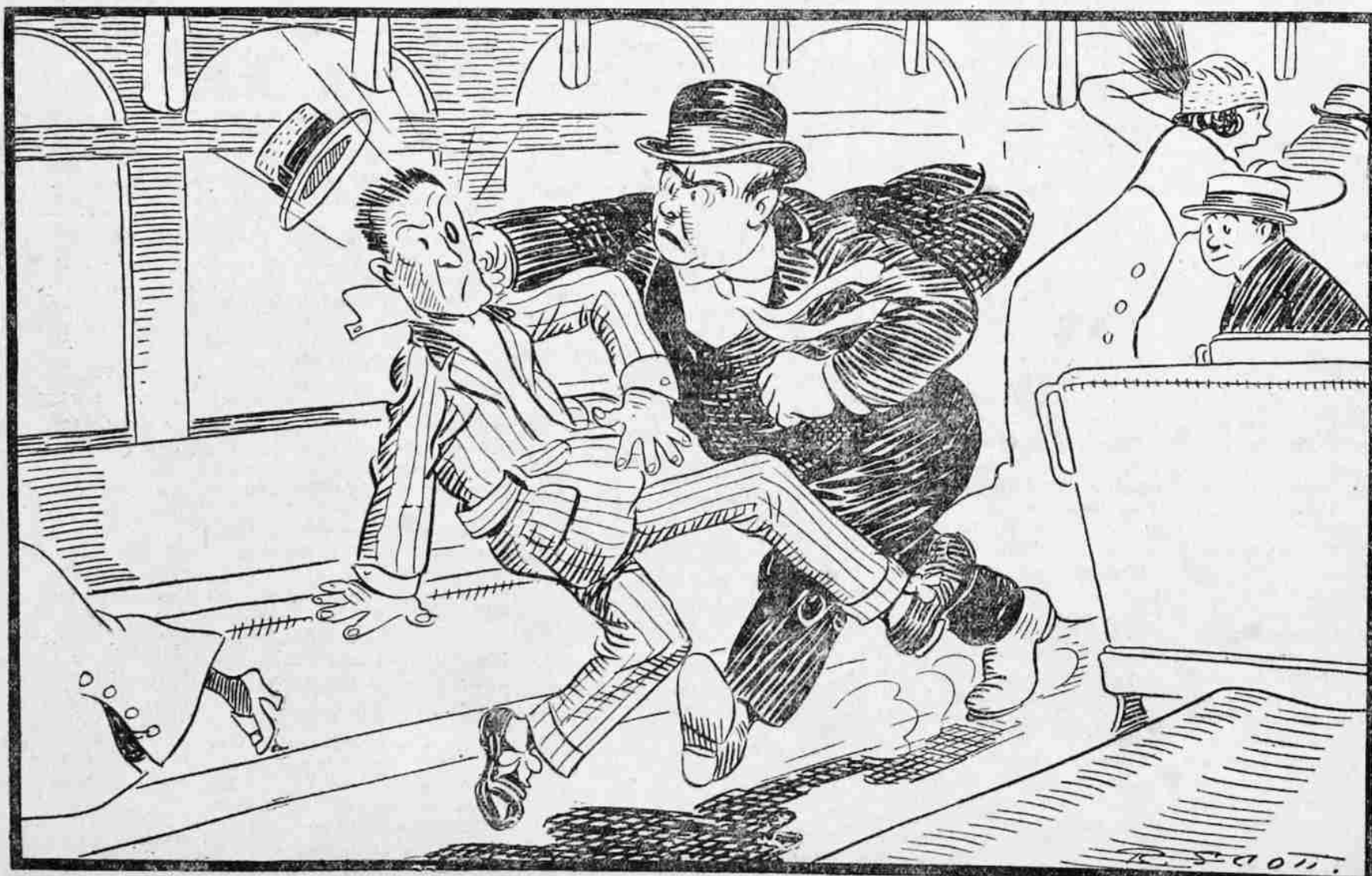
"It's a strange thing to me, Hinnessy, that with ivry wan boostin' peace there's so little iv it in th' wurruld. There've been peace congresses

an' wars goin' on side be side iver since I can remember. There's niver anny peace annywhere except afther a war. Whin a nation is at peace it's thinkin' iv war, an' whin it's at war it's thinkin' iv peace. In time iv war, as Hogan says, prepare fr peace. Th' most money iver give fr th' cause iv peace come fr'm a German man, lasteways I think he was a German man, that made his bundle sellin' stuff to blow up armies in time iv war. Accordin' to th' will iv th' Quaker, th' fellow in all th' wurruld that does most fr th' cause iv peace gets a bunch iv money. Well, who d'ye think it was grabbed off th' fr prizes? Was it Willum Jennings? Or Andrew? It was not. Wan purse went to that gentle little pote Roodyard Kipling, author iv th' tender sonnet entitled 'Slay, Slay, Slay.' An' another was handed over to no less a dovelike character th' our own Tiddy. An' so it goes. Wan iv th' gr-reatest peace advyates is Schwartzmeister Impror Willum. An' how does he advyate? Tell me? He dhresses himself up in a unyform, puts a brass pot on his head, has th' hired man get out th' bicycle pump an' blow up his chest, an' thim he strides up an' down th' front shakin' his fist at wan an' all an' invitin' thim come on. An' he gets nawthin' but peace. His granfather that was a gentle soul was at war most iv th' time, but this la-ad has sawed me thim' but air with his soard. He is champeen th' wurruld be default. Like as not he'll go his grave without iver seein' a modhren cannon used fr anny other purpose thin to salute him.

"I don't know whether Willum Jennings Bryan will have his way or not, but it looks like me, Hinnessy, as though orators wud go on talkin' peace an' blacksmiths makin' cannons until th' end iv time. I like to hear th' peace talk, but I'm more comfortable listenin' to it if me ear catches in th' distance th' sound iv th' anvil. In me long experience I've found th' love iv a fight is in near ivry man an' th' there's th' makin' iv a first class quarrel whin anny two people gets within shtrikin' distance of each other. Faith, how can I think nations stay at peace whin I see how it is with meself? I go out iv a fine, pleasant mornin', feelin' on th' best iv terms with all the wurruld. I hum a little song, I smile an' bow to me frinds, an' I think meself how kind ar-re all th' faces I see around me. How cud anny wan fight with thim agreeable people? There isn't th' thrace iv a scrap in me. 'Tra-la-la,' says I, gettin' on a shreet car. An' thin a janyal lookin' stranger steps on me foot—accidentally, d'ye mind? Do I appeal to the conductor to ask has me honor been injured? Faith, I do not. I make me declaration iv war an' swing on him at th' same time, an' afther we've had it out we dhrup a threaty iv peace an' apologize, an' th' next time he's careful where he puts his foot. An' so it is with nations.

"I shud think," said Mr. Hennessy, "th' sinsible nations cud always arbytrate annything." "They cud," said Mr. Dooley, "but d'ye think a lot iv foolish people ar-re anny less foolish th' anny wan iv thim? Besides I ain't sure th' fight ain't sometimes better thin a lawsuit. It laves less hard feelin'."

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